LIVING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THREE THOUSAND IN WANT. A VISIT TO THE ARAN ISLANDS

Setting Rid of the British Detectives-Father O'Donoghue's Story-Hunger and Peath in Fisherman Brabazon's Cabin. ARAN ISLANDS, Galway Bay, Feb. 1.-Mr. Michael Davitt, accompanied by your corredent, arrived here yesterday, after a final

and heartless bit of diplomacy directed toward the British detectives.

The misery and destitution on the islands is so great that imperative relief was demanded. A fund was placed in Mr. Davitt's hands for the purpose of supplying the people with food. When we left the hotel at Galway early yesterday morning three detectives followed us to the wharf. There was but one sailboat there, and we engaged it.

"How far is it to the Aran Islands?"

giance at the clouds. "It'll take us till night "Thirty miles," said the boatman, with a

Is there a shorter way ?"

What is it?" Take a car along the shore till you come to Costello Bay, an' thin sail tin miles across th'

"If we don't take your boat," remarked Mr. Davitt, gazing dreamily at a great disturbsace at an upper pier, " what will you do?" "Faith, yer honor, I'll sail down the bay an'

cit a mess av fish." How far ?"

About twelve mile."

"Could you make it double the distance?" I could sail ahead then, and be sure that our friends beyond there do not catch you." The skipper looked ahead, grinned delight-

dy, and, calling his men, ran up the mainsail, shook out the jib, and moved away. We were meltered from view by a pile of bales. The ged down into a bargain, and the three desetives set out to sea in a long rowboat mannod by four men. They evidently thought we rere in the cabin of the little sloop, and the Irish skipper of that stanch little vessel kept up the delusion to the immense delight of himself and his crew by holding long and excited conversations with nobody in the cabin. The sloop salled away, and after it struggled the rowboat, with the spray dashing over the huddling figures of the officers in the stern sheets Our jaunting car started along the smooth roads an hour later, and we saw no more of the chase of the fishing boat that day. The long drive of twenty-four miles was broken by the crowds that cheered Mr. Davitt whenever we seed through villages. Finally we came to the end of civilization, and stopped for a bite before crossing a bleak moor to the edge of Costello Bay. It had gro wn late and very cold. The driver alone was impervious to the

The driver alone was impervious to the weather.

"Dis here place is famous, Mr. Davitt," he said, indicating the road with a sweep of his whin, "I'r bein' de scene av a wish bein' gratified. A young man wuz wa'kin' along here about four years agho, all alone wid his pig. whin a fairy sez t' im: 'Phat'll y' ave, young man?' Faith, I'll hev a coompanion av me own aget talk an' sing wid.' Shail I change yer pig into a young man?' 'Aye,' So sayin', the lairy up an' done it, an' the pair av thim walked along happy an' chatty till dey cooms to a vine where tousans of grapes wuz growin'. Th' first young man ate his full, an' stopped as a ghtilman should. Th' sickond, which wuz wance a pig, ate like a pig, an' couldn't stop. Faith, 'e grovelled. Thin th' first young man yelt, 'Wance a pig, alius a pig,' an' th' other young man was changed back into a pig again."

"Do you believe all that'?' I asked.

"Indade I do. Why should I not, whin me own mudder seen it wid her own eyes?"

It was 4 o'clock before we started for the biggest of the three Aran Islands. We found a lishing boat of about forty tons burden and chartered her to take us over. The man demanded the exorbitant sum of one shifting for carrying use milles.

"An' O'll be glad t' git it," he said, "fur

chartered her to take us over. The man demanded the excritiant sum of one shifting for carrying us ten miles.

"An' Ol'il be glad t' git it," he said, "fur our luk's bin bad. We fished fer two days an' only caught two fish. We traded wan av th' fish fur a bush' in vertaties, an' afther carryin' th' spuds tree miles th' mate slipped an' split th' hull lot overboard."

This tale was told with a horror-struck face, as we tacked in the teeth of a howling wind that sent the spray from stem to stern. It was rough sailing, and we were drenched half an houg after the start.

"Fer weeks at a time," the skipper said, "no boat kin git to or from th' islands so rough is th' water, an' thin th' poor divise have t' go widout latters an' news an' sometimes food. Manny a boat's bin wrecked on this bay."

I thought of the detectives in the rowboat and wondered where they were.

If was dark when we swung past a towering lighthouse and hought up at a small pier. But, despite the gloom, the boat had been seen, and the pier was crowded by a motiley group of half-clad men and women, who recognized Mr. Davitt in the glare of the lantern, and divining that he had come on a mission of mercy and benevolence, they raised a cheer that echoed back and forth between the stony hills half a and the pier was crowded by a moticy group of half-clad men and women, who recognized Mr. Davitt in the glare of the lantern, and divining that he had come on a mission of mercy and benevolence, they raised a cheer that echoed back and forth between the stony hills half a dozen times. Some of the people ran ahead to tell the priest the news and the others tramped 'I hilly after us. As we ascended the hill the 'org'r of a small cottage was thrown open and all parish priest. Father O'Donoghue, and his curate. Father Farragher, came out. They were on a bluff, and as they hurried down the rocks to meet us the gale blew their robes wildly to and fro. The children, dancing and screeching wildly around the two priests, looked like demons in the half light. The people broke into wild shouts. The arrival of Mr. Davitt meant food, and many of them were literally starving.

"It's the most mortifying thing in the world to me to be obliged to appeal to charity again this year," said Father O'Donoghue, after we had been warmed and fed, "but what can I do? My people are simply starving to death. The polato crop has falled, and there is no market for their kelp. They have not the money for buving the elaborate and expensive vessels and tackle necessary to flas successfully in these stormy seas, and the result is that our 3,000 people are in absolute want. Unless they get some seed potatoes and immediate relief from hunger the death rate will go on increasing appallingly."

There is no soil to speak of. For centuries the people have dug the sand and mud out of the sea and carried it on their backs up on the hills of rock. They have spread it carefully and laboriously over the surface of the rocks, and when 'the field' thus made reached a depth of six or ten inches, they planted potatoes, and when 'the field' thus made reached a depth of six or ten inches, they planted potatoes, and when 'the field' thus made reached a depth of six or ten inches, they planted potatoes, and so got their food. When a dry year comes it is good for

away."
"Is there no market for the kelp?" asked Mr. "Is there no market for the kelp?" asked Mr. Dayitt.
"No one will buy it. Only two firms purchase it now, and as they employ the same buyer the people are swindled. Kelp." the priest said turning to me, "is seaweed. The people wade into the water above their waists and gather a peculiar kind of weed of a deep red color. It is very difficult to get it at times, as it clings to the rocks in dangerous places. After it is brought ashore it is thatched with potato stalks and dried in the sun for weeks. In September it is burned. From the ashes chemists get lodine. Can you imagine the amount of work that is required to get a ton of this stuff? When it is all ready it is transported to Kilkerran. Once the people received £0 a ton for it. Now they are fortunate if they get £3. The agent pretends that he has a chemical analysis for testing the kelp. Sometimes he refuses it altogether, and again he will pay ten skillings for a ton. Of course he can do exactly as he wants to, for he has no competitors. The people must take plat he offers, or throw their kelp into the sea. Last year two brothers named Flaherty divided a pile of kelp into two loads. One brother received £3 for his share, the other was told that he kegent give for it. Flaherty sailed away, and sent the same kelp back by his uncle, O'Brien, the following day. The agent paid £4 for it at eace. It is such dealing as this that upsets the people and ruins their ambition. Their to is very hard, and yet they are most faithful and good. Think of what an advanced state of morality there is here when I tell you that there has no to been an illegitimate birth among the \$3,000 people on these islands in forty years."

"Is there no emigration?"

"There was worse luck," said the priest with added a ball of the said and a decided a ball of the added a ble of the said and a decided a ball of the added a ble of the said and a decided a ble of the sa Davitt.
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morality there is here when I tell you that there has not been an illegitimate birth among the 3,000 people on these islands in forty years." Is there no emigration?"

There was worse luck." said the priest with a doleful shake of his head. "America took the flower of the people. A fund was raised and the young men all sailed away, leaving only the children and the old people on the islands. The boys are doing well across the water, because the people of Aran are naturally frugal and industrious, but they have forgotten the old folks at home. Many appeals have been made to them, but in vain. When they first arrive in the States they send a pound and a photograph, but that is all. Once in a while they recommend the workhouse to their starving friends."

Is there a workhouse here?"

No. indeed. The nearest one is thirty-two miles away. If one of my people goes in they sight as well all go in, for the degrees of poverty are very slight. We are all taxed to support the workhouse, but I'm proud to say that there's not a man or woman of Aran under the roof. Til show you how the poor laws work for the Irish poor. A fisherman here—a zood, sleady, hard-working man-found things zoing against him. Toil as he would be could not make both ends meet. He worked night and day. Once I remember he caught 120 fish, the lot for four shillings. Then he travelled

back with the money, having done sixty miles. In spite of his struggles his wife died of privation and the lack of the necessaries of life. He was left with four little children on his hands, besides his invalid sister. A man can struggle to the limit—no more. I could not help him because my money is long since zone and there are hundreds of pressing cases. The flasherman was desperate. His children cried all day for food, Finally one of them fell ill and this decided him. He took them all it of the workhouse. When he got there at last they refused to take the children in despite their pitiful condition unless the father would wo in with them and work for their support. Of course he couldn't do this, for his invalid sister would have died without his care. He begred to have the youngest child taken in even if the others were not. All of no avail. He was turned away without a copper to help him on his long journey back. Here he is at home again, willing to work himself to the bone, and never complaining of his responsibilities, but his loft is hard enough. The youngest child died not long since. He sent tor me and I was going to his cabin when you arrived to night."

"Anything of special importance?"

"The sister's very low," said the priest, rising half appologetically. "And if you'll excuse me I'll go."

"Shall we go with you?" asked Mr. Davitt.

"It will be a long walk and a cold one." said Father O'Donoghue. "but if you wish to sound for yourself the depths of human misery, come." It was after 10 o'clock and the wind was whistling furiously around the little one-story cabin us we started out. The stillness of doal reigned without but for the noise of the wind, and I was startled by finding myself suddeniy lace to face with a crowd of several hundred beorle who had gathered sligenly in frond the cabin and stood there in the life of or all slow, and then to listen. O'Donoghue talked by finding myself suddeniy lace to face with a crowd of several hundred wood on the father work and the start of the house. The m

the room.

A little bench was placed in the firsplace almost on top of the burning turf, and on it sat three wretched little figures with naked legs, skinny arms, and drawn faces. The oldest of the children was about eight years—the youngest perhaps four. Two of them whimpered continually, but the youngest sat with his elbows on his gaunt knees and his chin sunk in his little hands, staring with fixed and stony misery at the opposite wall. Nothing could divort his caze of absolute despair. I dropped on one knee and spoke to the children; the two who were crying turned their red-lidded eyes toward me, but the boy stared on unheeding. I never saw such an awul figure of childish agony. The face was thin, and the cheeks so sunken that the eyes seemed twice their natural size. The little things all trembled from the effects of the cold.

"Where do they sleep?" I asked.

"Where do they sleep?" I asked.

"Where do they sleep?" I to cold in my bed there;" he pointed to a mound of moss and dried grass in the corner near the door. It was about three feet square. "Then aunt's too sick fur take 'em in her bed." the man added.

"Is she bad to-night?" asked the priest.

"Faith she is, father. Lin fur two nights."

was about three feet square. "Then aunt's too sick furt' take 'em in her bed." the man added.

"Is she bad to-night?" asked the priest.

"Faith she is, father. I bin fur two nights tryin't' keep her warm this way."
He was on his knees in front of the little fire holding a square bit of carpet about as big as a napkin, so as to warm it thoroughly. He had an honest and preposessing face, but the lines of suffering were drawn clear and sharp. He rose as he spoke and stepped across the little hut to a sort of doorway cut in the wall. He motioned us to follow.

"You kin look at th' poor girl." he said. "Faith she'll not know it, fur her stren'th has so far gone that she no longer opens her eyes. "Within the stone doorway was an alcove about the size of a man's coffin and perhaps four feet high. Stretched out in this living tomb was Brabazon's sister, lying on her back on the earth with some mos under her head. She was about 30 years old, worn to a shadow, and dying of consumption. As the light fell on her it startled us. She wore no chemise or night dross, though she was partially covered with bags and bits of carpet. Her breust, shoulders, and arms were bare and wasted away beyond belief. The bit of carpet which her brother warmed at the fire was pressed by him over her breast and held there tenderly until it was time to warm it again.

"It gives her reilef." he said, softly, "poor crayture. She breathes easier whin I bees puttin' it onto her."

The face of the dying woman was livid. I could not look at her, and I went out into the night, leaving the wretched family with the

could not look at her, and I went out into the night, leaving the wretched family with the priest, for Davitt had followed me. Presently the priest came out and led the way silently back to his cottage.

BLARELY HALL.

THE GREAT MAN OF MODERN GREECE. A Visit to Dr. Schilemann in his Athenias

From the Christian Union. I called upon Dr. Henry Schliemann at his aristocratic marble palace, in which the discovered of the ruins of Troy is more sumptiously lodged that were The Grecian kings who conquered that city. The top of the superiopile is crowned by attent of the potes, philosophors, are the content of a clear forces. The front of process of the content of the co

THE GRAND TURK'S HAREM.

MRS, LEW WALLACE DESCRIBES THE

The Eachantress of Many Lovers-Forbiddes Recommenters of Many Lovers—Forbidden
Recommenter which Coly One Men May
Enter—Beautiful Women Amid Palatial
Splendors—Daughters of Love who Spend Their Days on Cushions of Rose Leaves in Cool Perfumes Chambers—The Imperial Painte and Its Spiendors—Caprices of the Women—Etiquette of the Haren—The Queen Mother—An Imperial Barge that Rivals in Gorgeousness that of Ciropatra.

Through four hundred years the Turkish house royal has had unbroken lineal male descent without a lateral branch. At Old Seraglio Point thirty successive Sultans held their sumptuous state till about forty years ago, when the chain of palaces bordering the Marmora was burned and the court was removed

to Yildiz, on the heights beyond Pera. Beautiful for situation is Ytidiz, Palace of the Star. Built nobly in a park of many hundred acres, it overlooks an amphitheatre of stately cities with domes, towers, minarets, castles, islands, seas, fleets, and in the farness of the listance the Mysian Olympus-a panorama of vivid color and varied movement without a eer on the globe. What St. James's Palace is o London is Yildiz to the Turk-the centre of nterest in Constantinople, the well guarded, the enchantress of many lovers."

Barracks have been added till it is in reality citadel, and there beats the heart and plots the brain of Islam. Within the walled enclosure are kiosks of marble and gold, outbuild ings, stables, a military camp and passede ground, cypress groves, unshorn forests, gardens with every kind of singing bird; a miniature city with the delights of the country as woll-a fortress and a sanctuary. The least ttempt of an unauthorized person to enter the buildings appropriated to women is punishable by death. It would come as a lightning stroke should any try to approach the forbidden rooms into which one man enters—the uncontrolled. rresponsible master of hundreds of women.

Among them are no family distinctions, no ecords, no questions of ancestry, hereditary ities, or names. All have started from the ame level, each one has been a slave bought by the mother or sisters of the Sultan, eduated to her position, and presented to him on the third day of the Feast of Beiram, the Night of Destiny, when the Koran descended in a silver roll from heaven. Nor are they married to him. The Padisha, being above law, cannot submit to matrimonial bondage. Since Othman, illustrious founder of the empire bearing his name, girded on the sword, which is the imperial sceptre, but two Ottoman Sultans have married. Of the mates we call wives only four hold the highest rank. All have been chosen for personal charm, and are in the bloom of youth; by far the larger number are from Circassia, the ancient Colchis, from whose palnce gardens Grecian beroes stole their brides in the dim centuries before the Iliad was written. Imagination is bewildered by thought of

such an array of beauties set in palatial splendors.

They live for one sole purpose—the study of pleasing him who has lifted the silvery feet of these daughters of love from the mire and rested thom on cushions of rose leaves and elder down. Instead of grinding tell, they enjoy the sweetness of rest; one cotton gown is exchanged for bright raiment and jewels rare; for black bread and goat's milk, they have suppers for Sybarites, honey of orange flowers, and sherbot of violets and sugar. Each odatisque has her klosk, her court, grand officials, boats lined with satin, glided carriages, and trained servants shod with slippers of silence, who minister to them in cool, perfumed chambers. Their career depends on their own tact and grace, by these glifs the ragged beggar may succeed to the highest rank, and compel princesses to kiss the hem of her garment. such an array of beauties set in palatial splen-

cureer depends on their own that and grace. By those gilts the ragged beggar may succeed to the highest rank, and compel princesses to kiss the hem of her garment.

One will in the harem is supreme as a Providence or a destiny. To this power, before which great and small are but dust, is yielded absolute submission. Says Janilia (the Exalted), teaching the newly arrived Laleil (Pink Tulip) and Benefish (White Violet): "Should the prince at noonday say it is night, declare your feet are wet with dew, and that you behold the moon and the stars."

In Pebruary a new palace was ordered. In June it was completed and furnished, fountates playing, cascades dashing, nightingales nestling among roses in higom. We know how the Turks furnish. In the Summer Palace one room is hung with pale blue silk another with Broussa satin, tapestries of India, and breideries of Persia. There are no pictures, they encourage profanity; no statues, they lead to idolatry. The Prophet (he rests in glory!) was a hater of idols. In the day of judgment pictures and statues will rise and flock round the artists, and call on the unhappy makers to supply their creatures with souls.

Humanity is unchangeable; the King of a hundred kings, the Shadow of God upon carth, must have his preferences, and naturally the reigning favorite makes the most of her brief season of command. Doubtless tears, clamors, poutings, work the same results in Constantinople that they do in Washington, and the luxurious harem may have some dull corner where the discarded favorite may weep neglected while her victorious rival sweeps by in trumph. The Turks are tender in the extreme to animals and children, and we must believe they are also genite toward women. Sometimes the carries of take what they pleased from shops and bazaars without payment. One shops and bazaars without payment. One

shops and onzares without payment. One hourl complained: she did not like shopping by darlight: and at once the sovereign issued an order requiring merchants to keep their shops open all night, and to have enough torches burning to exhibit goods to advantage. Another, whose name means Little Bit of Sugar, whispered to Ibrahim that she wanted to see him with his beard fringed with genes. The Lord of lords was adorned accordingly, and made a spectacle of himself thus tricked out. Enormous treasures were the summary of the stricked out. Enormous treasures were severally and the summary of the summary o

you ask."

The sexton explains to him that there is not a vacant rew in the building. Not long ago a member of the Vanderbilt family had made the

penalty of \$100, and a half of that sum, if exacted, is enough to make a good many men up this way give away their neighbors, let alone the gunners who should venture here from other parts of the State. But for that provision the lumber bosses would be at small expense for ment for the gangs that they send into the woods. There would be enough vention killed on a Sunday by the hunters in the gangs to last all hands the rest of the week and more, too, only where a gang of lifteen or twenty men is gathered together from no one twenty men is gathered together from no one

even hinting at the nature of these annoyances, but there is really no valid reason why he should suffer them any longer than the time the next boat starts back to Europe. It is not an article of my faith that an Englishman is

absolutely necessary anywhere, and his presence is certainly not essential to the existence or prospecity of this city, but it is a mystery to me why these grumbling follows from over the water don't skip home at oace and leave the "lew extra doilars" where they belong. As I don't live in thirteen rooms, or even a dozen, keep no servants, and have no children to educate. I prafer to waive, rather, than challonge, his 'tabulated comparison of expenses, but I find beneath his totals that a family doctor's fee in this city is one guines per visit. Well, that depends as much on the family as the doctor, I guess, but a guines fee for a london society dector would be refused unless covered by a couple more. A dress suit here cost this cockney 120, and a pair of boots £210s. Yes, but, Johany, they saw you coming. They were bound to fleece the sheep, such articles as canliflowers, celery, mushrooms, sweetbread, and letture the grumbler had also to pay through the nose for, but he could have done without all of them without in any way disorganizing his system. Great Sectland Yard, though! what's this about great being the same price here as in London? Where did that romancing letter writer ever see lesefatenk at \$1 per nound? Was he ever in a condition to count his change properly whon he went to the butcher's? The most charitable name I can give him is "an IS-caraterable name I can give him of the country such as a solid name I can give him of the country such as a such can give him

"I don't know about the opportunity. I nad work to do all through the deer season that I could not afford to leave. Must I not have a chance to kill a deer or two because I am too poor to leave work when I can get it? Besides, when winer comes it the very time when one needs a little fresh meat, and the nearer it is to me to the property sure to do when crusting deer in February or March, you not only destroy that doe, but you prevent the birth of a fawn for next year's supply of game?"

No. I don't. I've heard that before. You say it would be all right to kill a doe in October, don't you? Well, where's the difference, so far as that fawn is concerned, whether I kill her in October or March? I don't object to the law, you understand: It keeps the dudes away and leaves more game for us, but I'm not going to go without a mess of trout or a vention steep of country by leaving some money in the agood deal of money?"

"I suppose so, and I suppose you will say that the more game there is here the more city chaps will come here, and that one city chap leaves my orthough the chance of the country by leaving some money with the family he boards with than half a dozes deer killed out of season are worth. But the dude is not of so much value to the country as the paners would have us believe in he is very frequently a bad citizen who put a supposing my neighbor or the community is benefited some by the boarders, but, having a family of girls. I wouldn't if could. But supposing my neighbor or the community is benefited some by the boarders, but, having a family of girls. I wouldn't if could. But supposing my neighbor or the community is benefited some by the boarders, but, having a family of girls. I wouldn't if could. But supposing my neighbor or the community is benefited some by the boarders must I go without venison on that account? The community won't give me any great share of the benefit unless I work for my share. I recken until I have to go on the town. Then there's the law about netting trout. What's the differen

are double here what they are in London.

I don't frequent salcons. I sometimes go to
the theatre. I enjoy myself in a rational way,
and I dely any Englishman to prove that a live
workman in this country is not socially, intellectually, and financially miles ahead of his
fellow workman in England. I am. sir, yours,
BECOKLYN, Feb. 3.

JOHN S. GREY,

The same request, and had met with a simpler significant total in 180 are yet and the same request, and had met with a simpler significant total in 180 are yet and the same request and the same requ

between the train and the ledge that only occa-

or satchels, and each of them put his weapon in the right-hand pocket of his overcoat, pulled his hat down tight to his ears, turned up his collar, and marched out of the car in the wake of the fifth, whose glowed right hand had a firm grip on the neck of the empty bottle. The other passengers in the smoking car, who had thrown up their games while this was going on, cheered the heroic live to the echo as they stepped into the croaking snow.

For a short distance they all braved the bitter storm like liussian warriors, the man with the bottle taking the lead. He was nearly blown from his feet three or four times, and the basin warviors, the man with the others, fearing that the frightful gusts would sweep them away, then put their shoulders to gother and marched four abreast. Their leader was by this time a number of rods ahead of them, and the bear was still pawing and nosing around in the thin snow. The howling of the blast made so much noise among the limbs of the man with the bottle, and the first thing he knew something hit him on the head, glanced off, struck a rock, and flew into a thousand pieces.

When the bear looked around to see what

glanced off, struck a rock, and flew into a thousand pieces.

When the bear looked around to see what the matter was, the man without the bottle was legging it toward the hero's four, who had come to a halt and were getting ready to blaze away at the bear. The brute gave vent to a startied snort, and just then four bullets whizzed toward him. He rose up on his haunches as quick as a flash, and then he dropped down on all fours again, whirled around half a dezen times in as many seconds, and bit at his left flank as though something had stung him. Then he rolled over in the snow, and the drummers made up their minds that they had wounded him fatally. They hadn't, though, for just as soon as they had started for the shot where he lay he jumped to his feet, kicked up his heels, and waddled off in the opnosite direction, making the snow ify behind him.

Three of the drummers chased the bear, firing as they ran. The bear halted long enough once to see that they were following him, and then he took to his heels again, soon disappearing from their view behind the corner of an augle in the rocks. By this time their ammunition had been used up, they were ketting pretty well chilled, and they concluded to let the bear go and get back to the train as soon as possible. Their leader had already sought the warmth of the smoking car, and they themselves shivered like jury when they joined him. Until the train was moved through the drifts nothing but the bear incident was talked about by the tired passengers. ousand pieces. When the bear looked around to see what

Prohibition and Fire Insurance Rates.

From the Philadelphia Press.

DETROIT, Mich, Feb. 11.—The fire insurance companies doing business in Michigan are studying the question of the effect local option by counties will have on their business. When Iowa became a Prohibition State both the Michigan and Dotroit fire and marine insurance companies cancelled all their risks on breweries and saloons; as did all the other large companies. It is argued by the various companies that when a building becomes vacant, or cannot be used legitimately in a business; it ceases to become a good risk. In any manufactory that is closed accumulations of oiled rage, lack of inspection, and natural carelessness, are the prolific cause of fires. When a business is closed by the State or otherwise and the property becomes non-productive, there is always a strong temptation, it is asserted, to sell its sahes to an insurance company for a larger sum than the market price of ashes warrants. The insurance companies are not in love with a law that causes so large a loss of business to thom, and they are not anxious to take stops hastily in the matter.

The liquor men tell the agents that the Supreme Court is sure to pronounce the Local Option law upconsilitational, and there is a disposition on the part of the someanies not to take action until the last moment before the law goes into effect in May. As a rule, after May I all brewery and saloon risks will be cancelled, and the owners of this troperty will have to take their chances of loss by the. Prohibition and Fire Insurance Estes.

A Forward Young Man. From the Geneva Courier. "A young lady in Geneva was heard to say,
"think Mr. is very forward."
"Why!" asked a friend.
"Why, he had the impudence to propose to me in leap
year!" LIFE IN THE WILD.

ROUGH ON THE GAME.

Deer, Bears, and Wilsents Seriously Incom-venioused by the Weather in Pennsylvania. HAWLEY, Pa., Feb. 18 .- George W. Decker, an old hunter and lumberman of the Promised Land wilderness, Pike county, was in this village a day or so ago, and reports that the deep snows and severe weather of the past two weeks have forced game animals and birds to eck shelter and food in the very dooryards of the farmers and others who live in the clearings of that isolated community. It is a common thing to see door stealing in and feeding among the cattle in the barnyards, and pheasants fly in from the hemlock and tamarack swamps, and mingle with the chickens and other poultry to pick up such food as they can get. One farmer discovered three deer—a buck and two does—eating with his cows the hav and corn stalks he had thrown

three deer—a buck and two doos—eating with his cows the hay and corn stalks he had thrown down to them, one day hast week. The deer were gaunt with hanger. The appearance of the farmer frightened them away, but they ran only to the edge of the woods, a hundred yards or so away, where they stopped and gazed wistfully back. The farmer went in the house, and the deer returned again to the barnward and ate with the cows again. The farmer gave orders that they should not be distartised, and the deer returned again to the barnward and ate with the cows again. The farmer gave orders that they should not be distartised, and the deer have appeared every night and morning since the first day and eat with the cows, a portion of fodder being added to the regular amount. The half-starved animals have increased greatly in flesh, and the farmer hopes to have his reward next fall by making venison out of at least one of the deer he is "wintering over."

A resident of Greone township reports that he has fed two deer with his cattle since the latter part of January. One day in the latter part of January. One day in the latter part of last week two immense wildcats, whose appearance showed that the hard winter had interfered even with their supplies, appearand in woodsman Deeker's back yard, and in spite of the appearance of two persons with clubs to attack the intruders, they inststed in making an effort to capture some of Deeker's chickons, and showed light. Both animals were killed, after a severe strangle, their hunder having made them desperate. Another big wildcat was shot in an apple tree, not ten feet from the front ocorol a neighbor of Deeker's where it had elimbed to water the chance for prey or food of some kind.

Even bears, which are generally supposed to be oblivious to winter's snows and frosts, sningly curled up in hollow trees or warm caves, have been forced to vacate their choson winter quarters and skirmish around for better shelter. There are signs all over that region of bears wandering about in search of foo

LIFING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

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at a lower price than the others. The lowest priced ones are those that contain more white than black fur. At present the local dealer is neaving the trappor 25 cents for a skunk skin that has more black than white fur. 20 cents for one that has more white than black.

Various ways of trapping the little nocturnal providers with a humped back, peaked nose, and busnytail are adopted by the rustic urchins up there. The trap most used is made in this way: A flat stone is placed on the ground or snow not far from a barn or other outbuilding. Then the end of another and heavier flat stone is braced against one edge of the horizontal stone, the other end being propped up with a stick, so that the two stones and the prop look almost like the figure 4. To the prop a balt made genorally of a chicken's head is fastened, in order to get at the bait the skunk is obliged to take up a position under the slanting stone. As soon as the skunk begins to yank at the bait, one end of the prop slips out of place, the stone falls, and the skunk is crushed.

Another way is to flx a strong circular rubber band so that the skunk is crushed.

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Another way is to flx a strong circular rubber band so that the skunk is checked to death when the boy flnds him in the morning.

Some of the urchins set as many as fifteen traps at night. Of course each morning when the boy flnds him in the morning.

Some of the urchins set as many as fifteen traps at night. Of course each morning when the wather is favorable. It isn't very agreeable work to skin the skinks, but the boys don't mind it at all. They tack the skins on the side of the barn to dry, and, after they have accumulated fory or flfy, they dump them into the sleigh and take them to market.

HE STRUCK FOR THE WOODS.

A Man who Took Sam Jones's Advice Liberally and Came Out Well,

erally and Came Out Well.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Here is a story that Sam Jones told in the First Methodist pulpit last week. He said:

"I was making a prohibition speech in Robertson county. Teanessee, hast year, and noticed on the right of the platform a bleared, bloated fellow who was about three parts drunk—each part a third. As I talked he would screw his list into his eyes and wipe away the tears. After the speaking I went to a friend's house perfectly exhausted and lay down. The lady of the house called at the door in a few minutes that a man wanted to see me.

"Toll him I am tired,'I said, 'and please excuse me."

"That is all right, she said, 'anyhow, because he is a drunken, ragged, vagabond."

"I said: 'If he is that sort of a fellow let him in. I used to belong to that gang myself, and I never go back on them. The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

"He said: 'Mr. Jones, I don't want any money, Money can do me no good. I am sulline and I never go back on them. The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

"He said: 'Mr. Jones, I don't want any money, Money can do me no good. I am sulline dman. Drink has made me a wreek. A short time ago I had a happy home and household. A few weeks ago I buried my wile, having crushed every drop of blood out of her leart before she died. My two boys are at the Orrhans' Hone in Nashville. One of them is a little blind fellow. My two girls are in hirressboro, and this here he miled a little black cap out of his pocket, trils is the last thing that is left to remind me that I ever had a household. It is my little blind boy's cap. Now, I do not want any money from you, but I just got an idea from the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me. Good-by.' And he started off.

"Hold on here, said I, and I called up Mr. Taylor, my secretary, and said: Frank, go up town with this man and wash him all over with son, and idea for my house of the